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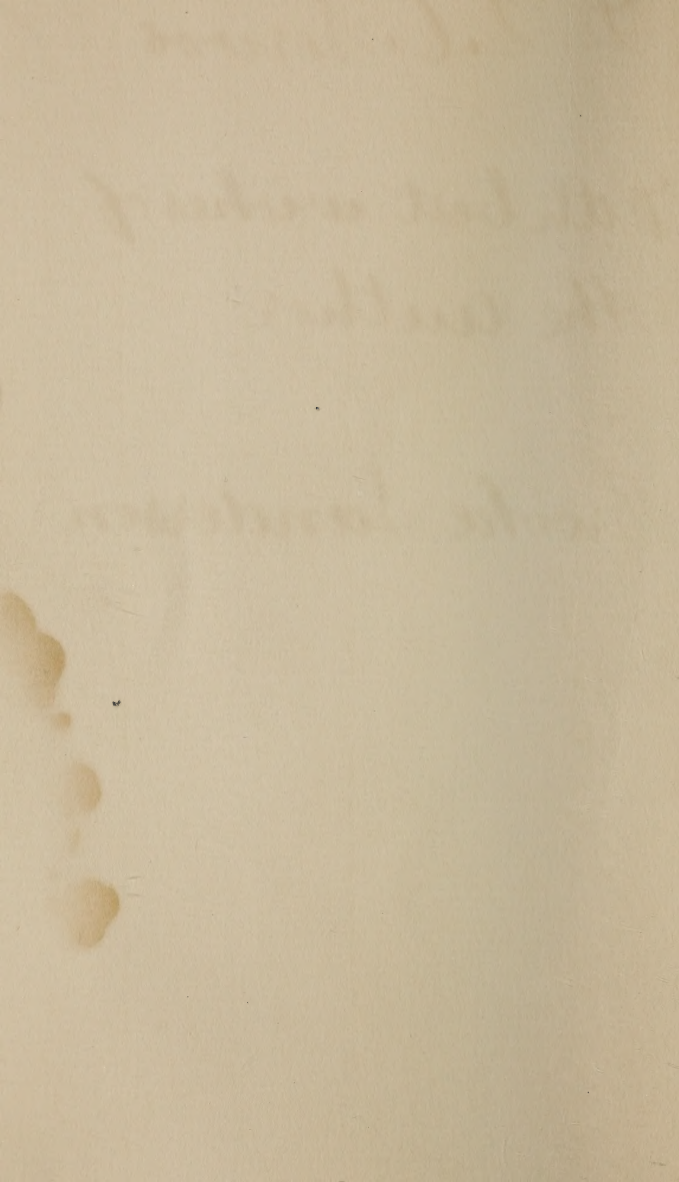


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To L. C. Servos

With best wishes of
the author

Brooke Sanderson





BROOKE AND NED

Some Experiences Afloat & Ashore

Being Notes of a Trip to England
in the Summer of 1904,
with an
incidental reference to
Dr. Rutherford

By
Brooke Sanderson, Steward

First delivered to the Friday Knights
October 14, 1904 ; now published
for the edification of the Providence Art
Club, at the urgent request of many of
its members.



Providence, R. I.
Standard Printing Company

1905

To
MY NEPHEW
GEORGE W. H. DUCKINFIELD
NETHERTON, YORKSHIRE
ENGLAND

IN REMEMBRANCE OF A
PLEASANT VISIT TO MY
OLD HOME IN THE
SUMMER OF
1904

BROOKE SANDERSON
PROVIDENCE
RHODE ISLAND, U. S. A.

1905

GENTLEMEN : — After a period of fourteen years' absence from my native heath, I begun to have a longing to go and see the remains of my family circle. The last time I went was in '91 ; then Father and Mother were living ; and I decided to stay there permanently ; so I moved my whole family, and after six months of life there, or even as soon as the novelty of seeing all the old friends and relatives wore off,—and it wears off quicker than the gold plate of some Providence jewelry I could mention,—that is, after seeing them the first time, I decided I had more real and sincere friends on this side of the pond, that is, outside my own relatives ; and a longing stronger than ever possessed me to visit England, seized me to get back to dear old Providence, but to accomplish this was a poser. I was working at my trade getting thirty-two shillings, or Eight Dollars, per week ; but the American mode of living had got so thoroughly imbued in my young

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American children, and perhaps my wife and self, too, that we had to come back home at any cost ; so I up and borrows the money for the purpose from my parents. They kept my wife and children from me for eighteen months ; and I honestly think when grandpa and grandma had to let those cunning little Americans go from them, it shortened their days ; for soon came letters of failing health and finally death of both my own and my wife's parents. However, as I said, I got the fever to see the old place once more.

I made my plans known to the Board of Managers of the Providence Art Club, that I had been here most eleven years and had never had a holiday, and they kindly granted me one, although, not before letting me know that my position at the Art Club was one grand series of holidays. However, a good many — in fact I am sure all the members who knew, made it easy for me to go.

His First Book

Now I will tell you about my trip as quick as possible.

I sailed from Boston with my eight-year-old son on July 5th, 1904. He was looking forward to celebrating his ninth birthday the following day, but we celebrated it the night before. Like all Americans he was a little ahead of the times: Nothing like it, I presume; but the manner in which that birthday party came off was something fierce. My dear friends, never sail third-class on an ocean liner on the fifth day of July. It seemed the boy or myself had no control of sending out the invitations to tea. It was like the funeral in Clyde Fitch's play "The Climbers," everybody was there; and, speaking of climbers, I had to do a climbing act myself, for they came to tea with all conditions of jags on,—fighting, crying and jumping jags. I never saw the beat of it. Lucky for me I must have had a climbing jag on myself. I foolishly got in behind the table where there was no possible way to get out

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without climbing over the table, and directly the fun begun by one of the lady guests at the festive board punching the old grey-haired gentleman next her in the face and shouting, "Arrah, go on out o' this ! I'se buried five better looking husbands than ye." Then, when the old gentleman retaliated in kind, a general fight was on. Lucky for the Cunard Company, they do not provide very expensive china for third-class passengers, not even when it happens to be one's birthday. Well, a cup and plate shot by my head and smashed to pieces against an iron post ; then a pan resembling an oval, heavy block-tin foot-bath, but which may, for all I know, have served the double purpose, but at this time was used for bringing to the table our supply of bread, came sailing across the board and landed squarely on my boy's head. I thought, whoever invited those guests to his birthday party, it was my duty to protect his life and limb, as I really thought the little fellow would die of fright ; so

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I dispensed with table manners, and passed the boy across to a man, who, it happened, came from Providence ; then I jumped on the table and muffled the virago with the bread pan and kicked my way clear. Now, I do not want you to have a bad opinion of steerage fare or comforts, at that, for all this happened the first night out and in the single-men's quarters, when down in the married quarters all was clean and peaceful.

I thought I knew all there was worth knowing about third-class sailing, but how the world "do move" in thirteen years' time. I thought I was a pretty slick article, but I got fooled, as I will show. I ought to have gone to the steward as soon as I embarked and showed him my pass, and let him assign me a berth for my child and self ; for if he had seen the little boy of tender years, he would have given us a decent place, but I, like all slick and knowing ones, fell into the first snare that presented itself to me, and that was

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at the foot of the first companionway we entered. It happened something after this manner. When we got to the foot of the stairs a very good-looking and well-dressed man spoke to me and asked if the boy and myself were to sail on the ship. I replied that we were ; then he gave my little boy some candy and apples ; then he unfolded his plans for the voyage.

He said, " I am an old sailor ; now, I've sailed out of New Bedford on whalers all my life ; now, its going to be hot sailing and, be gosh, I am taking possession of this sixteen-berth room, and I am determined not to have a gang of Poles and the like in here."

The advantages of the room : There were five port-holes in the room ; then, it was up " forrad ; " good ventilation, where we could always get a breeze ; well lighted by electricity, woven-wire spring mattresses, and the assurance of no one getting in amongst us that would be apt to overstep the rules of decency and annoy the rest of

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his fellow room-mates. As the New Bedford whaler said, it was imperative that I should have my little fellow in a berth where he would hear no bad language; and we were to all band together and look out for each other's welfare. Well, after he showed me a few samples of fellows he had picked out for room-mates, I began to feel highly flattered to think he and the rest of them thought so well of my appearance as to unanimously elect me and my son to make up the complement. Now, after I accepted that call and slept there one night, I felt as though I did not like to go off to the steward and complain; but, of all the gangs, I never saw anything to equal it. The whaler was well supplied with all kinds of oil, as were also some of the rest. Well, of all the midnight carousing I ever saw! my boy would go to sleep between me and a gentleman from Providence, one hand in each of ours. I cannot imagine his feelings, but they must have been frightful. Then, when they finally

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shouted themselves hoarse, and the night watchman had restored things to a peaceful state under threat of having us all locked in the ship's prison,—innocent as well as guilty,—then, as the saying goes, “Every dog has his day;” well, on that ship the cats certainly had their night. The cats would begin where the rowdies left off and make night hideous with their serenades to their turtle doves. We could hear the splash of the waves; then came the grinding rattle of the steering gear, the howling of the gale—and the voices of at least fifty cats all pitched in a little different key strung your, or my, nerves to the highest tension. I cannot begin to describe the sounds or my feelings; yet, after all these discomforts, I enjoyed the trip. After three or four days, they got the ship running in ship shape. Men were allotted to watch all berths and see that peace and quietness reigned at ten o'clock every night; but they had no control of the cats, though. On the third night a climax was reached

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in our berth, which proved to me that I was capable of keeping cool under any circumstances and gave me more confidence in myself than I gave myself credit for.

Well, they gave me considerable badinage; it was good-natured enough, but sarcastic; so, when I told them I would lay a complaint against them if there was not better behavior all 'round, two of them must have put up a job to try my metal; and it served to prove theirs at the same time. While all had been birds of the same feather up to this, and flocked by themselves, the roughest element of the gang mutinied. Now I was not quite asleep—in fact I dared not get too sound asleep in that gang, you know; after they made them keep quiet after ten, they would unscrew all light-bulbs and only the dim light from a ten candle-power lamp came through our doorway. Well, I heard, or thought I heard, matches being scratched, so I quietly raised my head to investigate, but I could not

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penetrate the gloom. I was half asleep and laid down again, when I heard a terrible crackling ; then, half awaking, and raising myself partially, and, as I did so, a flash and a cloud of what I thought smoke enveloped me. I said in tones as commanding as I could, "Boys, wake up, all of you, and keep cool until we find out what has happened!" One of them said, "Why, our berth is on fire ;" and we all thought so, too, until we got the bulbs screwed in ; then we found the cause ; some one in the upper bunks had struck matches and at the same time hurled the contents of a large-sized box of talcum powder across the room ; hence, the stifling smoke.

It was realistic in the extreme.

We did not know which two to blame, until next night a couple began to imitate me and say, "Boys, boys, wake up, something serious has happened, I am afraid." Then I rose up and led the charge and something serious did happen. They lost their sleeping place and liberty also.

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When the truth came out, everybody voted it a mean trick ; even the whaler said so.

The rest of the voyage was pleasant, as I went to the chief steward and told him I had stood that kind of thing as long as I thought it necessary. He said, "Well, I cannot let you into the married quarters unless you have your wife with you." I then said, "I only want to come down there to meals, and if you have not authority to give me that privilege, I feel it my duty to present my case to the captain ; as it states on the ship's rules, that are pasted up here, that he is always willing to listen to appeals for fair dealings and third-class passengers' rights." The result was, "Well, you may let the little fellow come down to his meals—that's the best I can do."

After his first dinner down there, we met the stewardess and she said, "Is this your little boy?" I answered, "Yes." She said, "Is his mother aboard?" I said, "No, ma'm." "Well,"

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she says, "he is a fine little fellow and he should have someone to look after him meal times. Altho' I will do the best I can for him, I think it would be much better if you would come to your meals down here also." Of course I was only too glad to accept that offer. She gave me a place at a certain table with the boy and told me to keep it. I made her a small present, but just as I had got seated for the first meal a steward came to me, asked if I had a wife aboard, and I told him, "No, but I was engaged to Mrs. Murphy, the stewardess, and may be married in Liverpool." He was about to clear me off when the lady herself came along and said, "Look here, Palmer, I gave this gentleman that place at table and he is going to keep it." He was all right; he was as willing to make it pleasant for me the rest of the voyage as he had been a few minutes before to make it unpleasant.

In due time, we arrived in Liverpool; then I began to see the difference in the mode of lug-

CUNARD LINE R. M. S. "CARPATHIA"

3RD CLASS BILL OF FARE

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1904

BREAKFAST

OATMEAL PORRIDGE, GOLDEN SYRUP

BROILED BEEFSTEAK AND ONIONS

IRISH STEW

FRESH BREAD

BISCUITS

MARMALADE

BUTTER

TEA

COFFEE

DINNER

BARLEY BROTH

SEA PIE

ROAST MUTTON, ONION SAUCE

WHITE BEANS

BOILED POTATOES

RICE PUDDING WITH RAISINS

DATES

NUTS

BUTTER

FRESH BREAD

BISCUITS

TEA

COLD MEATS

SEED-LOAF

SWEDISH BREAD

FRESH BREAD

BISCUITS

BUTTER

JAM

PICKLES

TEA

GRUEL, BISCUITS AND CHEESE AT 8 P. M.

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gage handling, or checking, by the railroad companies. Every time you left your things for a few minutes it was "tuppence." Still, they claimed to check your trunk on the American plan, but I could not get them to do it for me.

In some things they are far ahead of us, but others they are a hundred years behind. One of the things I noticed was the public parks and recreation grounds, in fact, all empty lots had a cultivated look. The absence of tomato cans and rubbish in lots that were unused struck me very forcibly. There was an abundance of old-fashioned flowers growing on the empty spaces.

I made a remark in one town about the scarcity of children there, as the schools were closed for the holidays. The one I spoke to said, "Would you like to see the juvenile population of Brighthouse?" He said, "If you are anything like the President of your United States, I think I can present to you a sight that will please you." I accepted his invitation, and we walked through

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a few thickly settled streets, which took about ten minutes ; then a scene presented itself that I shall not soon forget. A nice, ornamental iron fence, with gates at convenient places, which were self-closing—you could not leave them open if you wanted, for they worked to perfection and simply, too ; then, close inside the fence was a line of shubbery ; next came all kinds of flowers, roses and every kind of bloom, with rich borders of Mexican beets and beech trees, and a wide walk and benches to sit on every ten feet or so ; then a large green sward, and such a well-kept green as we seldom see, and upon that green myriads of children of both sexes, old and young, playing all kinds of games and enjoying out-door exercise to its fullest measure ; and I never saw one of those children pluck a flower ; but, I am sorry to say, I forgot to warn young America. I missed him for a few moments, and, when I saw him coming towards me, he had a bouquet of the most lovely roses, etc., that those recreation

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grounds could produce. Well, the young gardener says to me, "There is a sign up that no dogs are allowed ; but I shall have to put one up that no American children are allowed unless they have their hands tied." He said, "They must let children in your country have a lot of their own way, or they would not dare be so venturesome." He says, "You cannot scare them ;" he says, "I've had more trouble with the little devils this summer than all the rest of the children for years." He said, "I don't care how soon they raise the rates on the steamship lines, for these cheap rates have brought hundreds of families on a visit, and all of their children seem to find the park and recreation grounds at Brighthouse, and it keeps me putting out fresh plants all the time."

I visited a work shop ; in fact, an engineering works, and saw a man cutting lengths of iron for bolts ; another taking them away to have a thread put on. The machine ran awful slow. I

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told Mr. Mitchell, the member of the firm, they were a hundred years behind ; we had a machine that would cut those off to a length and cut a thread on at the same time. He took me into another part of the works and showed me the very machines I spoke of. He says, " We manufacture the Harris-Corliss engine here ; also, those machines you speak of, and we ship those bolt-making machines to America ; but the engineers' club—they will not have it called union—would rather work three days per week than let one machine do two jobs at once. They will not allow us to speed up the machines, only to do what they claim is a fair day's work ; therefore we can not compete with America and Germany where everything is run on the fast pulley."

Now I will tell you about a little incident which was very amusing to me. I had a few Members' Night programs with me, just to show what kind of a place I was in, so I showed them to my sister

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and the rest of relatives and friends who had gathered to meet us. I told them about the sandwiches and beer that was provided for a membership of upwards of four hundred, but I happened to state there was a storm came sometimes and then there would be a very slim attendance; in fact, I said one night a storm came and only fifteen came, and all that spread had to be given to neighbors. I found out it was the worst thing I could have done. After the guests had gone my sister and her husband said, "Why, Brooke, I wish you had not told all those people only fifteen people came to such a concert as was provided, not mentioning the spread; because they did not believe it, and they told us so, and we agree with them no storm would ever keep people away from such a treat, and it is one of the American stories that is hard for us to believe." They never stop for rain. I was hoping for a chance to get back at them somehow, and when they told me the Primrose League were to

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have a grand picnic and gala time, and would start in "charabangs" early Saturday morning and carry their provisions along in hampers, I am afraid I was wicked ; for I hoped from the bottom of my heart it would rain and do all kind of things, so that I could say, "Now are you satisfied with my report of how people can be made to stay away from something already arranged and paid for?" Well, Saturday came, and such a morning ; the rain came in torrents ; oh, such rain — the wettest kind I ever saw. I was sorry, but it could not be helped, still I had a feeling that it was partly my fault, and like all criminals I had to hover 'round the starting place and watch results, so I took an umbrella and went down to the square, and ensconced myself in a deep, old-fashioned doorway and waited results. There were already about twenty ladies and three or four men gathered together with umbrellas, and raincoats on, standing in the drenching rain ; in about five minutes along came the first "chara-

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bang ; ” then they came running from the nearby houses, putting in their provisions, then piling in themselves. When I saw the rain running off their umbrellas and down the necks of their sister primroses I asked one elderly primrose why they did not have covered wagons. She said, “Nay lad, wer nooather sugar nor salt, and weest nooane melt, an’, b’soides that, we want to see the country as we drive thro’ it, and breathe the pure air ; not be shut up in a stuffy, old, covered wagon ; we might as weel stay at home.” I says, “Well, Mrs. Lunn, why do you not put it off until next Saturday ?” Well, she says, “We have it all arranged and paid for ; ” and, she says, “Besides, are you quite certain it won’t be just as bad or a little worse next week ?” I had to give up beat when she showed me a cheap American weather glass that was down to fair. It was one of those glasses that they give away with one of the many breakfast foods here ; this particular one is “Wheatlet.” I have one of them that

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they gave me with a package ; but the price on them is marked two dollars here, and some enterprising fellow must have gone over there and made quite a little money selling them. She says, " It's going to be fine, lad, doesent ta wish tha war baan with us ? " I said, " No, not in that rain. " " A but tha knows, lad, ittle noan rain long, that Yankee weather glass is one of the things that come from America that we can rely on. " Very soon two more " charabangs " came along and received their loads of primroses ; then I wondered why they were waiting, when all of a sudden one of the primroses says, " We might as well be going ; I forgot to tell you that Louisa and Jim 'll meet us up at Crosland ; " about a mile above, that was. When they started, Mrs. Lunn says, " Now come along, lad ; you'll be sorry, if you don't ; you will have a good time, as you say in America ; " and sure enough, after about two hours, it lapsed into the most beautiful day I ever saw.

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The birds sang; the sun shone out in all his glory and made the landscape in that vicinity into one of the most beautiful pictures I ever saw. I certainly never saw such a picture reproduced on canvas by any painter. I have a feeling akin to pity for an artist, if he sees a picture as I saw that one, and feels the utter impossibility of his ever being able to bring out the charms of it with his brush on canvas, as I felt my helplessness at the time. Then I really wished I had gone along with them, as they never give up for storms; so I don't know whether they believe that only fifteen of our members brave the storm or not, when it is all arranged and paid for.

Another incident, which was very funny to me and reminded me very forcibly of the Brighthouse gardener's words, "You can't scare 'em the little American devils," was when I took my son to see a play called the "Ladder of Gold." It ran along until there came a climax; there was some trouble which called for a clash of arms, in which

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a British subject had to call upon a few marines stationed on the island to protect him from arrest by the French ; and, of course, a French battleship had landed a full battalion to enforce their demands and were winning the day ; when, just in the nick of time, an American battalion of bluejackets came marching on to the scene with bands playing and colors flying—when some British workman, whose blood was up, hollered, “Naah, have a goa at them chaps an see wat yo’ll get.” Of course the handful of British, added to the battalion of Americans, threw the balance of power where it properly belonged, and when they saved the Englishman from arrest and put the French to rout, came the grand tableaux. The bands played “Yankee Doodle” and “God Save the King,” and when a few of the chorus girls came on waiving the Stars and Stripes, my little chap, that is, my son, who had been quiet all thro’ the entertainment, suddenly awoke to a sense of duty, for he fairly went wild over that

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flag. He jumped up on the highest peak he could find and yelled "There's the flag, pa ; your old British Lion's no good. Oh, pa, let's get back home to America." That was the only time that boy felt homesick ; but I can agree with the park gardener, they don't scare worth a cent. Of course I tried to stop him ; but the people round us said "Let him alone : there'd be better doins if everybody wor childer, and could speak ther minds and know they still would have protection."

Another thing the boy would do when we were travelling by train ; he invariably picked a first-class carriage after I only paid a third-class fare. I would say, "You cannot get in there, Ned, its for first-class passengers." He would want to argue the point, until I dragged him thro' the crowd to where he belonged, saying out loud "We can get in anywhere in America ; there's no first, second and third class." Then he would be interviewed by the rest of the passengers that happened to hear his remarks and get in the same

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box car as us. He could hold his end up all right and make friends. He is of an observing nature and could tell people more interesting things about America than I could. Observing? I should say he was; he observed things that I did not want him to and told my wife about them too. You can rest assured he don't go with me again. Well, after he got that homesick spell about the flag, I got it too; so I tore the coupon from my ticket, which must be sent to the Cunard office eight days before intention to embark, that brought me to sail on the Ivernia on August sixteenth. (My original ticket called for me to sail on the Saxonia, August thirtieth.) After I mailed that letter my homesickness wore off, and I wanted to stay in England the limit; but the die was cast and I had nothing to do but wait a return letter from the company. Next day there came a letter and my pass, entitling me to sail August the sixteenth, and a paper with a lot of fool questions to be answered to satisfy the

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American Consul and to be returned ; so with that paper I sent back the ticket and informed them that I could not possibly get through my business transactions in time to sail on August sixteenth, but I would be willing to sail on Carpathia, August twenty-third ; then, I always sent a stamped and addressed envelope for reply ; then came what I called a very impertinent letter, couched in unparliamentary language, bluntly informing me I could use the ticket or forfeit my right to sail, unless I paid for a new contract. Well, I studied the situation a few minutes ; then I sat down, and this is about what I wrote :

“CUNARD COMPANY, Gentlemen : If I have made the mistake, I am perfectly willing to pay for it, but I think, if you look over my letter of Monday, August second, you will see that I cannot possibly sail on the sixteenth ; you will also see that I prefer to sail on the twenty-third on the Carpathia, by way of New York. If, after looking over my communication of yesterday,

All Communications to be addressed to the Company.

Address for Telegrams: "CUNARD, LIVERPOOL."



The Cunard Steamship Company Limited.
Liverpool.

August. 3. 1904.

Dear Sir,

Replying to your letter of yesterday,
we regret the error, and if you will kindly send us your ticket
we will be pleased to alter same to the Carpathia sailing August
23rd.

Yours faithfully,

The Cunard Steamship Co. Ltd.,

per

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "R. D. Brown", with a long, sweeping underline.

Brooke Sanderson Esq.,

20 Anvil Street,

Brighouse,

Yorks.

Brooke Sanderson

you think I am not entitled to a pass and still hold that it is my fault, I bow to your decision and will pay our fares over again under protest, to be threshed out later, perhaps, in the courts, if we cannot reach an amicable settlement of the matter now. I enclose your letter, as I think you will be glad to regain possession of it ; for I have no doubt it was dictated when you were so busy that you were drove to the verge of distraction. I hope you will read it over, and think twice before you let such a communication escape your typewriter again, even to anyone in the most humble walk of life."

The answer I received :—

August Third.

Dear Sir : Replying to your letter of yesterday, we regret the error, and if you will kindly send us your ticket we will be pleased to alter same to the Carpathia, sailing August twenty-third."

Yours faithfully,

The Cunard S. S. Co., Ltd.,
per B. R. Drown.

Brooke Sanderson,
20 Anvil street, Brighthouse.

His First Book

I sent on the ticket ; and, behold, it came back marked "already transferred" ; then came this letter August fifth, 1904.

"Dear Sir : We have your letter of yesterday with contract 9588, which we return herewith transferred to Carpathia.

Yours faithfully, etc."

And it wasn't transferred at all ; but armed with these two letters, especially the one commencing : "We regret the error," I stopped worrying.

Soon came the twenty-third, the day of my departure from Liverpool. On my return home, I was late getting to Liverpool, and the good ship was anchored out in the Mersey, and I went aboard her on the tender amongst the most picturesque-looking gang of cut-throats you can ever wish to see. There was a band of two hundred and sixty of them. The cap'n refused to have them aboard ; so the tender cast off

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hawsers and took them back. We waited for orders to sail; but pretty soon the tender came alongside again, and this time after some shouting of orders through the megaphones, they were admitted. I will mention them later; in fact, I am about through now. Well, I saw a young chap standing by a pile of trunks, with a rubber stamp stamping tickets. I gave him mine to stamp and he said, "Nitsy, Pauline, that boat sailed a week ago." Then I fell back on "We regret the error" letter; well, he says, "If you can get by all right, I will not bother you." I showed him my citizen's papers, and he said, "Do the best you can."

I immediately hunted the purser of the craft and gave him my pocket-book, with steamship ticket and what money I had inside it. He never asked what was in it; he simply gave me a check like a baggage check and told me when I wanted it, to present that check; so I kept myself quiet and lost myself amongst the crowds; and when

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I got cornered and was asked for my ticket, I answered with truth, "The purser has got it" (but he did not know it, though).

After the Irish got on at Queenstown and the vessel got up steam and moved off, I said I am all right now; but that night, while we were gathered round a fiddler and watching the dancers, the ship's detective, and a young man resembling the sailors in "Florodora Company," with a preponderance of gold lace, stopped the dance and asked if there was a man and boy of the names Brooke and Edwin Sanderson amongst them. I answered, "Here we are, sir." It happened to be the same detective that was aboard the Ivernia when I sailed from Boston. He said, "They want your ticket. This is the purser's assistant, and if you will give it to him, you will save yourself trouble." I answered, "I have not got it; I gave it to the purser himself up in his office." "Oh, that's all right then; of course the purser did not know he had it." But I was on a holiday

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and having as much fun as a school boy, and this time the fun paid.

They were down again in a few minutes and marched me up through a greasy iron spiral stairway in the centre of the ship, through the pantry, and finally landed me in the most sumptuous quarters I have ever seen aboard ship, and ushered me into the presence of his most austere majesty, the purser himself. I did not notice another gentleman sitting there, with his face buried in a newspaper, when the purser opened fire, "Your name is Sanderson." "Yes, sir." "You tell these men you gave me your ticket?" "Yes, sir, I did." "Well, you must be a d—— fool, or you must think I am one;" and before he had a chance to let off any more steam, I handed him his old baggage check. He commenced to see the situation and said, "Oh;" and went as red as a turkey's comb, but somehow he smothered his oaths, or whatever they were, and opened the safe; then pulled my old pocket-book

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out and said, "Are the tickets in here?" I said, "You may look in, sir, if you wish." Then, when he was going to give me a showerbath of abuse, the gentleman with the newspaper put out his hand and said, "Hello, Brooke, how in thunder did you get aboard?" And when I informed the gentleman (who was none else than Dr. Rutherford) I walked aboard at Liverpool, and inquired if he was able to do the same, on receiving a favorable answer, he turned to the purser and said, "This man is all right, he is steward of a club I belong to in Providence, R. I." We straightened the ticket matter out all right. They sent my name, and it appeared on the ship's manifest, while not on my ticket. The purser said, "You're not such a blanked fool as I took you to be." I said, "Thank you, sir;" for I had more cards to play with—my "regret the error letter"—and which I played later.

On embarking on the *Carpathia* at Liverpool all was confusion, but amidst it all the first man

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I met down in the third-cabin quarters was that same New Bedford whaler, looking for nice quiet fellows to join his party. I greeted him pleasantly, but declined to join his quiet band, with thanks. Well, there was such a rush to gain accommodations amongst the two thousand of us, that the ship's crew was unable to cope with them. Down two flights, or two decks down, and way "farrard" was a regular trestle work of iron bedsteads, built in the open to accommodate over five hundred people. The floor was some kind of concrete marked off in squares to imitate granite blocks. There were stand-pipes all round to couple on hose to scrub out the place; then there were tables enough (rather rough, but clean) to accommodate all who should sleep there. All in all, it looked a good, airy place to live in for ten days or so. The result was about two hundred and fifty good, husky young fellows seized the place for theirs. Now this would have been all right, but when the stewards led a band of two hundred

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and sixty swarthy gypsies in there, carrying all manner of household effects, both men, women and children, most of the husky young men decided they would not stay ; so they got out and their places, except about thirty of them, were soon filled with Jews ; and I really can't find a name for the rest of the breeds that were crowded in there.

The ship was so over-crowded that for three nights you could stroll out between decks and find poor women and children strewn about on mattresses in all kinds of positions ; and this with the ship's stewards working without sleep night or day, with filling the large smoking-rooms and the ladies' reading-rooms with beds, and filling the large dining-rooms with shake downs, people begun to get better natured.

I put my son to bed about nine every night ; then a dozen or so of us visited the streets of Cairo—that was the gypsies' quarters, where you could see a free show every night. Those big,

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fine, copper-colored young women would take everything off in the line of clothing, except bracelets, finger rings and garters ; then would begin some kind of weird music, and funny movement dancing which beggars description. Then they would roll themselves up in a feather bed and go to sleep. The show was over ; we would then retire ourselves and be waiting anxiously next evening for the master-at-arms to say : “ All ladies down below.” That was the signal for us to know the show would commence all over again ; and we went to see it too. There was no other excitement aboard that was half so novel.

When we got to New York, I reminded the purser of my “ regret the error.” He gave me an order on the company for two tickets to Boston, as they had carried me to New York by mistake ; then I got his order changed for real tickets to Providence, and got a dollar and thirty-two cents change as a difference.

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[*Providence Journal*, Sept. 4, 1904.]

GYPSY RIOT AT ELLIS ISLAND.

WOMEN ATTACKED PHYSICIANS AND IMMIGRATION
INSPECTORS WITH WOODEN SHOES.

50 CHILDREN WITH MEASLES SENT TO
HOSPITAL.

IN SOME WAY A REPORT SPREAD THAT THE CHILDREN HAD BEEN DROWNED.—AN INTERPRETER WAS SENT AMONG THEM AND THE PARENTS OF ONE OF THE CHILDREN SENT TO THE HOSPITAL AND THEIR REPORT SETTLED THE ROW.

New York, Sept. 4.—Ellis Island was the scene of a gypsy riot last night which for a time threatened to necessitate the calling of outside help to aid the force of immigration inspectors and watchmen. When the steamer *Carpathia* arrived here last Thursday she brought 260 gypsies, representing many nationalities. Among them

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were 50 children suffering with the measles, who were sent to a Brooklyn hospital by the physicians of the Marine Hospital. The gypsies greatly resented the taking of the children, and last night a report in some way spread among them that their children had been drowned. Then another child suffering with measles was found among the women, and when a physician tried to feel the child's pulse the women attacked him. They pulled off their shoes, which have thick wooden soles, and belabored the doctor and hurled drinking cups and shoes at him and the guards who dragged him from among them. The gypsey men, in an adjoining room, added their voices to the clamor and drew knives and other weapons. All night women and men fiercely set upon any uniformed man who entered either room. Early this morning an interpreter was found and hurried to Ellis Island. He finally convinced the band that their innocents had not been slaughtered. The sick child was taken to the hospital and its parents were permitted to accompany it. When they returned their report entirely quieted their companions.

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